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Heart Echoes



Faithfully Yours.
J. Alchiff Teske.



HEART ECHOES

BY

T. ALCLIFFE TESKE,

33
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."



HARTFORD, CONN.

PUBLISHED BY T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

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DEDICATION.

To the kind friends who have cheerfully and lovingly assisted and labored with me, in the great cause of God and humanity; this little Book of Poems is affectionately dedicated by the Author.

T. A. T.

HARTFORD, CONN.



“THY KINGDOM COME.”

Drifting down the silent ages,
Comes the swiftly rolling years :
Solemnly unfold their pages,
Steeped in misery, blood, and tears ;
See, there's sorrow, pain and anguish,
War's red carnage ; plague and death ;
Fire and famine ; flood and earthquake,
Comes to earth upon their breath.

Still the seasons in their grandeur,
Alternately come and go ;
Springtime's beauty, Summer's glory,
Autumn's splendor, Winter's snow.
And the sun's majestic glory
Floods the day with golden light ;
While the moon in silver radiance,
With the stars keeps watch at night.

Sad and awful contradictions,
Joy and sorrow ; light and gloom.
Rest and unrest ; pain and pleasure ;
Life and death, and blight and bloom.
Ever thus in solemn measure,
Ages ring their sad refrain ;
Still a sweet chord, grand, triumphant,
Never fails to swell the strain.

And upon life's storm-tossed ocean,
 Stands a figure grand, sublime ;
 Heaven and earth are bowed in reverence,
 Since upon the shores of time
 He, the uncrowned King of glory,
 Our sad earth in meekness trod ;
 Speaking pardon, peace and mercy,
 Love to man, and love to God.

“Peace on earth, good will to mankind,”
 Thus the angels sang his birth ;
 And the blessed words are ringing
 Grandly, sweetly round the earth ;
 Thus amidst the strife and anguish,
 Though time's night be dark and long ;
 If we pause and listen softly,
 We shall hear the glorious song.

Peace ? Yes, peace will reign when Jesus
 Comes once more to claim his own ;
 Blood bought millions, souls he's ransomed,
 Gathered round his heavenly throne.
 There no more shall pain or anguish,
 Blight our joys, nor blast our home ;
 Never more shall thy saints languish :
 Come, thou blessed Redeemer, come.

SPES MEA CHRISTUS.

Long, lance-like flames of lucid light
 Shot o'er the waters broad and free ;
 The little wavelets sparkled bright,
 As sunset shone across the sea ;
 The great black hills with glory crowned,
 Eternal sentry watches keep ;
 While day and night's perpetual round,
 Brought light and shadow o'er the deep.

Thus nature in her sweet repose
 No sign of storm her beauties mar ;
 The moon in silver radiance rose,
 Attended by the evening star ;
 And ah, methought can storm dispel,
 Such sweet repose, such holy calm ?
 While distant sounds the vesper bell,
 And heard afar the evening psalm.

The vesper hymn, the murmuring sea,
 Seemed like a distant angel choir ;
 'Twas worship worthy majesty,
 'Twas nature at her evening prayer.
 Before such worship calm, profound,
 I sank upon the earth's rough breast ;
 Surely I knelt on "holy ground ;"
 "Now, blessed Lord, give my heart rest."

“The pain and heartache, thou knowest, Lord,
The disappointment and the grief ;
And thou can'st heal, but speak the word,
And my crushed heart shall find relief.”
Thus as my burning words I poured
In passion from my heart's great pain,
The benedictions of my Lord
Fell soothing as the summer rain.

My soul refreshed I rose once more,
To bear the burden of my life ;
To meet the shock, and storm, and roar,
To battle in the great world's strife ;
Strong in the strength of conquering love,
To do, to dare, to suffer wrong,
Knowing my help is from above,
Again to sing redemption's song.

WAITING FOR THE DAY DAWN.

I sat at my open window,
 As the weary night wore on ;
 And I wondered if night and shadow,
 Would sometime for aye be gone ;
 I wondered if pain and sorrow
 Would forever cease to be,
 In that promised bright to-morrow,
 Just beyond the narrow sea.

Soon the morn came down the valley,
 In shining garments dressed ;
 With the sun for her glowing chariot,
 And the crescent moon on her breast ;
 Thus the somber night was banished,
 While the moonlight fades away ;
 All the shadows swiftly vanished
 In the light of new-born day.

Sudden, glorious transformation ;
 Birds their matin carols sing,
 Flowers look up and smile awaking ;
 Nature gladly meets her king.
 While I marveled at the wonders
 Wrought by coming of the sun ;
 Swift my heart embraced the lesson
 Of these words, "Thy will be done."

Though our hearts are crushed with sorrow,
 Night and storm-cloud fill our way ;
 We will hope for the to-morrow,
 That shall bring eternal day ;
 And when the last trumpet soundeth,
 We shall wake who love his word ;
 All our being thrilled with gladness,
 At the coming of our Lord.

TO MY HUSBAND.

C-ome, let us praise our Saviour's name,
 A-nd all his wondrous love proclaim ;
 R-ighteous and just are all his ways,
 L-o ! he has kept us all our days.

L-et us our time, our talents give,
 E-ven unto our Saviour's cause ;
 O-ur only aim, for him to live,
 N-or in our loving duty pause ;
 A-nd when he calls us up on high,
 R-edeeded, we are prepared to die ;
 D-eath ope's the portals of the sky.

T-o know and do thy precious will,
 E-arnestly, Lord, our souls desire ;
 S-aviour, to us thy word fulfill,
 K-indle in us the heavenly fire,
 E-ver toward heaven may we aspire.

ARE YOU READY.

Are you ready for Christ's coming?

He is coming by-and-by,

For he said he would not tarry

In his Father's house on high.

Are you ready should he come for you—

With him on high to go?

Are you watching, waiting, brother?

I would really like to know.

Are you ready for Christ's coming?

Are your garments clean and white?

Will you gladly greet the Bridegroom?

He may come for you to-night.

Are you ready? etc.

He will come in all his glory,

As upon the mount he stood;

Can you sing the glad "Hosanna,

I am washed in Jesus' blood?"

Are you ready? etc.

Oh, the day draws nearer, nearer,

When the saints he will redeem;

Now the morning light is breaking,

We can see the golden beam.

Are you ready? etc.

“Yes, we’er ready for his coming,
 And we watch, and wait, and pray
 For the day to dawn in glory
 And the night to roll away.

We are ready, should he come for us,
 With him in peace to go ;
 We are watching, and we’re waiting,
 With our robes as white as snow.

ABIDING TRUST.

Mourn not beloved, for thy sweet child departed,
 To heaven lift up thy heart, and lift thy eyes ;
 Sorrow no more, grieve not thus broken-hearted,
 He’s safe from harm, forever in the skies.

Better by far, thy tender bud should blossom,
 In heaven’s fair land, thus shielded from all pain.
 Resting securely in the Saviour’s bosom ;
 Believe His word. “Thy dead shall rise again.”

Lift up thine eyes, and live for life immortal,
 And thou shall meet him in that city bright ;
 Christ’s precious love unlocks the pearly portal,
 Where death can’t come, and there is no more night.

FALLING SNOW.

Feathers light, feathers white,
 Flying through the air ;
 Covering roof and steeple,
 Streets and hurrying people ;
 In your downward flight.
 Dressing all in white :
 Surely you 're no scorner,
 E'en of nook or corner,
 All must have their share ;
 Whirling, flirting, drifting,
 Falling straight, then lifting,
 Turning, eddying, flying,
 At last softly lying,
 Everywhere.

Feathers light, feathers white,
 Softly falling snow ;
 I can see you as in childhood,
 Coming down upon the wildwood ;
 Falling lightly on the river,
 With a final settling quiver ;
 Spreading out o'er mead and hill,
 With a generous royal will ;
 Spreading o'er the distant town,
 With a shining snowy crown ;
 Making all the quiet graves,

Look like snowy ocean waves ;
 Not two feathers just the same ;
 Feathers only in a name ;
 Lovely flakes all fitting, fleeting,
 Turning, falling, rising, meeting,
 Thus you go,
 And we know,
 You are snow,
 Only snow.

Feathers light, feathers white,
 Frail and small ;
 Even you the Lord doth send,
 To our earth as gentle friend ;
 And we bless you as you come,
 Falling gently on our home ;
 You fulfill the royal will,
 Who commanded "Peace, be still ;"
 You are not without a cause,
 You obey the mighty laws ;
 And the one who died to save,
 Even you a mission gave ;
 Thus "we bless you as you come,
 Falling softly on our home ;"
 And we know that by and by,
 We, neath winter's snows shall lie ;
 And we know we'll wake again,
 Free from every earthly pain :
 He who made thee gentle snow,
 Told thee where he'd have thee go ;

Cares for thee,
 Cares for me ;
 He who sees the sparrow's fall,
 Cares for all.

WILD FLOWERS.

In the glowing golden sunlight
 Of the fragrant early day,
 As I wandered through the forest
 Culling flowers by the way,
 How the sweet subduing stillness
 Of the perfumed laden air,
 Bathed my soul in voiceless rapture,
 Filled my heart with silent prayer.

And I felt the glorious presence
 Of the omnipresent One,
 Saw His smile in bud and blossom,
 Forest tree, and summer sun!
 And I blessed thy name, oh Father,
 For the golden summer hours,
 For the gift of dew and sunlight
 And thy children fair, the flowers.

THE RIVER.

"Charming river, beauteous river,
 Dashing onward in your glee ;
 From the cool and breezy mountains,
 To the broad and troubled sea ;
 Gliding through the verdant forests,
 Sweeping through the valleys broad ;
 Bringing health and life to mankind,
 Doing the blest will of God.
 Tell me truly, tell me frankly,
 As you journey on your way ;
 Tell me, river, faithful river,
 Do you ever stop to pray ?"

Hark, I hear the river answer,
 Murmuring all along the shore ;

"Never 'stop to pray,' kind mortal,
 But I'm praying evermore ;
 Be you sleeping, be you waking,
 Be you glad, or sad, or gay,
 I am praying, ever praying,
 As I journey on my way ;
 You may come and go, brave mortal,
 You may fret, and chafe, and strife ;
 You may dream, and pray, brave mortal,
 Through your changing, fleeting life ;





You at times may labor mortal,
 Daylight through, from dusk to dawn ;
 What is all your strife, brave mortal ?
 Soon, ah ! soon you will be gone."

"Every moment I am serving,
 Knowing no will but His will ;
 Never from my duty swerving,
 From my infant source, the rill ;
 Ever faithful, ever praying,
 Living, loving, all my days ;
 Till I lose me in the ocean,
 Where my prayers are lost in praise."

"Learn this lesson from me, mortal,
 Be content to do His will.
 He, who spake unto the billows
 That were troubled, 'Peace be still.'
 Ever do your duty bravely,
 Cast away your doubts and fears ;
 'Without ceasing pray,' and labor,
 Through your swiftly fleeting years ;
 Do not pause in noble effort,
 Mirror only heaven above ;
 Till your prayers and praises mingle,
 In the ocean of God's love."

I WOULD KNOW THEE.

I would know thee, blessed Saviour,
 And in knowing thee find peace ;
 Show me now thy loving favor,
 Bid the raging billows cease.
 Holy Lord, who reigns in heaven,
 Hear an humble suppliant's prayer ;
 Bring me to the peaceful haven,
 Now thy wondrous love declare.

I am but a sinful mortal,
 Feebly moving toward the cross ;
 Seeking for the heavenly portal,
 Counting all this world but dross.
 I am weary, heavy ladened ;
 Thou, O Lord, my burden bear,
 I am seeking full salvation ;
 Now thy wondrous love declare.

I am coming, Lord, now meet me,
 Now apply thy precious blood ;
 Let thy loving spirit greet me,
 Wash me in the cleansing flood ;
 Oh ! thou gentle, loving Jesus,
 Do not let my soul despair ;
 Thou whose blood from sin doth free us,
 Now thy wondrous love declare.

SUBMISSION.

In tender years of early youth
 The blessed Saviour came to me,
 And led me in the ways of truth,
 And taught me prayer's mystery.

As time sped on I came to know
 God's willingness to answer prayer,
 It seemed I only had to go
 And ask a gift, lo ! it was there.

One day into my heart there crept
 A certain wish, a strong desire,
 And constant as I woke or slept,
 This filled my heart with quenchless fire.

For years I asked at morn and night,
 Dear Lord, on me this gift bestow ;
 All other prayers were answered quite,
 But to this prayer my Lord said, "no."

One day, as journeying by the way,
 I brought my oft repeated plea,
 "Dear Lord, grant me this boon, I pray ;"
 But still it was not granted me.

With sudden impulse came this thought,
 Who is thy God? that thus denies
 The prayer from my heart longing wrought;
 The prayer born of thy tears and sighs.

And mad rebellion in that hour
 Ran rampant through my heart and brain;
 And dark despair and doubt held power;
 Till tears flowed from my eyes like rain.

Then softer mood came o'er my soul,
 O Lord, I cried, my faith increase;
 When softly, gently o'er me stole
 A hallowed calm, a perfect peace.

And as my selfish longing died,
 I bowed me to his sovereign will;
 I knew my Saviour walked beside,
 I heard his voice say, "Peace be still."

He led me by the same true hand
 That does a universe control;
 I felt his sway, sublimely grand;
 I worshiped him, thus sang my soul:

God of the pure white snow,
 God of the clouds and sun,
 God of the sweet blue sky,
 "Thy will be done."

God of the forest grand,
 God of the sounding sea,
 God of the beauteous land,
 "Thy works praise thee."

God of the lightnings dread,
 God of the thunders loud,
 God of the promised bow
 Spanning the summer cloud.

God of the birds and flowers,
 God of the mount, rock, and glen;
 God of all might and power;
 God of the souls of men.

Holy and just thou art,
 Spirit of "love" and "light,"
 Oh, keep the souls of men
 Through time's dark night.

And thus my soul in triumph sings,
 All conquered by thy love divine,
 My only prayer, thou King of kings,
 Is, make me thine, entirely thine.

DE PROFUNDIS.

You say, "I have something to hope for,
 Something to live for yet,
 A future of youth and life before me,
 Life, with its sorrow and regret."
 Life, with its sad hours of heartache,
 Tell me, why must I stay?
 When the sweet light of my life has vanished,
 My own choice darling gone for aye.

Ah, but I'm weary, a-weary,
 Wrapt in this night of woe;
 Tell me, when will the day-star brighten?
 When will the shadows go?
 I think a ray of golden glory
 Straight from the Heavenly land,
 Would scarcely lift this pall of darkness,
 Like the touch of my baby's hand.

But the pathway of life is before me,
 And I must my burden bear,
 Hiding my grief from the friends around me!
 Perhaps they will think I have ceased to care;
 Oh, how can they know the heartache
 That forever tells of loss?
 'Tis well, they think I have forgotten,
 'Tis well, their eyes see not the cross.

Alas, and alas, It may be best so !
 But my wound is very deep,
 So when others are gay and happy
 I must hide me away and weep ;
 Seeking bravely, earnestly seeking,
 Comfort and solace from on high,
 Praying that I may sometime surely
 Be taken home to my baby boy.

A PRAYER.

The golden day has passed away,
 Night's shadows come so soon ;
 And now I stand with clasped hands
 Beneath the harvest moon.

I raise my eyes to deep blue skies,
 My thoughts do upward tend ;
 I breathe a prayer for one afar—
 My own, my cherished friend.

Oh, may the bliss of all that is
 Beside the great white throne
 Be ever thine. From hand divine
 Receive the star-gemmed crown.

CHANGE.

Drab the sky, and drab the river,
 Drab the forest on the hill ;
 Not a ripple, not a quiver,
 Sea, and earth, and sky are still.

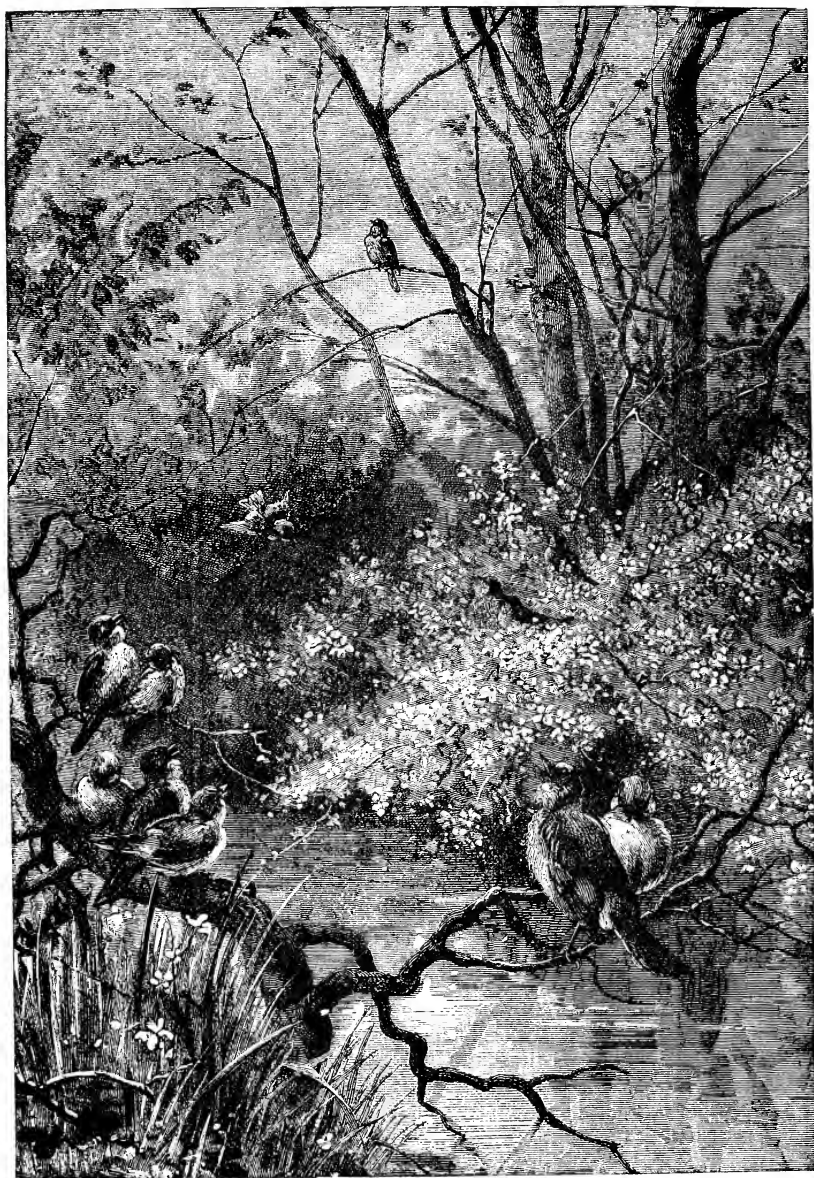
Pale, drab cloudlets cap the mountains,
 Cloud wraiths hang above the vail ;
 Leaden clouds hang o'er the fountains,
 Not a breath the leaves assail.

What means all these premonitions ?
 Earth so still we hold our breath ;
 Why drift o'er us superstitions ;
 Shadowing change, suggesting death.

Soft, descending like a curtain,
 Swiftly, day sinks into night ;
 Earth with expectation certain,
 Waits her mantle pure and white.

Morning brings a transformation,
 Blotted out the landscape grey ;
 Snow king makes a new creation,
 Earth is robed in white to-day.

"Change," thou word of wondrous power,
 Painted on earth, sea, and sky ;
 Nature feels Thee every hour,
 Herald of sorrow, and of joy.





In our lives Thou art ever present,
 None by thee are e'er forgot ;
 One, alone, can check thy progress,
 'Tis the " Lord, who changeth not."

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Oh, wondrous love ; oh, man and God ;
 Oh hiding-place, calm and secure,
 When tempests rage, and whelming flood,
 Are more than mortals can endure ;
 Oh, rivers in a barren land,
 Your cool and sparkling gleam I see,
 I turn me from the burning sand,
 And bathe my fainting soul in thee.

When heated ploughshares fill my way,
 When burning suns my soul oppress ;
 Close to the rock I gladly lie,
 Beneath its shadow I will rest ;
 For I am in a weary land,
 Midst tempests wild, and storm and shock ;
 I pray the Father, take my hand,
 And lead me safely to the rock.

THE PARTING SCENE.

Sunset's glowing golden splendor
 Flooding all the room with light,
 With a beauty rare and tender
 Ushered in the solemn night ;
 And the moonlight's pallid radiance,
 With its holy, silvery sheen,
 Softly crept within the casement,
 Glorifying all the scene.

With the saddest of forebodings,
 At the close of that fair day,
 We were gathered in the chamber
 Where our dying Mother lay ;
 Hope at last had fled our bosoms,
 And with hearts all anguish riven,
 We were only watching, waiting,
 Till her spirit fled to Heaven.

Pale and fair, with sweet eyes lifted,
 Gazed " our " darling toward the sky ;
 Gently as a passing zephyr ;
 Aye, without a parting sigh,
 She departed with the angels,
 To the bright eternal shore ;
 And we knew our darling Mother
 Was " not dead, but gone before."

Oh, we miss our precious Mother,
 With her sunny, smiling face ;
 And though kind friends gather round us,
 None can fill our Mother's place.
 And we plead for grace to guide us
 Up the shining golden stair,
 Where our darling's gone before us ;
 Loving Saviour hear our prayer.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

I had a wild bird singing in my breast,
 A wild, wild bird that never seemed to rest ;
 For years it plead that its notes might be heard,
 I answered "no, you are a wild bird."

But in the autumn's melancholy days,
 I could not quite repress its sad, wild lays ;
 And in the joyous, fragrant, early spring,
 Anew my sweet wild bird would sing.

I've hushed its voice, thinking it will die,
 Then let it sing, its notes soon reached the sky ;
 I've clipped its wings, that it should never soar,
 Believing I should hear its notes no more.

At length a voice said "It was made to bless,"
 Mortal how dare you the wild bird repress ;
 "Though late it shall be free," I said, "ere long
 The wide, wide world shall hear my wild bird's song."

IN MEMORIAM.

The death angel came,
To our dear old home,
In the morning gray and cold ;
And with gentle quest,
He called to rest,
Our father frail and old ;
He called him away to the Shepherd's fold,
To the city whose streets are paved with gold.

And his freed soul fled,
Where the angel led,
From the weary house of clay ;
When the morning light,
Shone glad and bright,
He had passed to eternal day ;
By the frail worn body we sighing say,
" It is our sad duty to weep and pray."

And memory's flight,
Like a flash of light,
Swept back o'er the vanished years ;
As we gaze on the grace,
Of that patient face,
Through our hot and blinding tears ;
But Christ's sweet mercy our spirit cheers,
While faith dispels all our doubts and fears.

In the Heavenly Land,
 May we one day stand,
 With our loved ones gone before ;
 Where death cannot come,
 To that blessed home,
 On the fair immortal shore ;
 Thou blessed Lord whom our souls adore,
 May we dwell with Thee, for evermore.

MY RING.

You ask if I love the ring on my finger,
 With its rubies sparkling bright,
 With its delicate pearl that forms the centre,
 And its diamonds glittering white ?
 Yes, I love the delicate ring on my finger ;
 With its rubies like ruby wine,
 And the sunbeams seem to smile and linger
 In the diamonds' fire and shine.

And I slip the precious ring from my finger,
 And in ONE WORD* these words I see :
 "When we are absent one from the other
 The Lord watch between thee and me."
 And for its diamonds, pearls, and rubies,
 I hold it a precious treasure trove ;
 But it's dearer far for its kindly giver,
 And its cheering words of faith and love.

*Mizpah.

EVER IN DREAMS.

Ever in dreams I see thee darling,
Strive as I will I cannot forget ;
When night and weariness close my eyelids,
Darling, darling, I see thee yet.

Ever in dreams, thou art with me, darling,
With thy sweet smile and thy fond caress ;
With thy dear eyes forever beaming,
The tender love they so well express.

Wonderful dreams, oh dreams of gladness,
Only dispelled by the morning's beams ;
When I awake to a life of sadness !
Could they but stay, the beautiful dreams.

Never more, save in dreams, my darling,
Will thy dear eyes beam again on me,
Till we meet in the city of light, my darling,
That lies on the shore of the jasper sea.

In that beautiful city of light, my darling,
Where sorrows and sighings forever cease,
Where never come dreams or night, my darling,
We'll meet in the morn of eternal peace.

THE ICE BRIDGE.

'Tis but a day since the river I crossed,
 Was firmly knit from shore to shore ;
 The winter's snow and the winter's frost
 Had covered its waves with an icy floor.
 The beating rain in torrents fell,
 And night and storm spread far and wide ;
 But the river was bound by winter's spell,
 The ice bridge spanned it from side to side.

To-day I look on the mighty river,
 The sun shines down with a golden beam ;
 But the icy floor is rent and riven,
 And ten thousand pieces float down the stream.
 Alas ! I sigh as I view with sadness,
 The broken ice floating toward the sea ;
 'Tis like the plans that I formed in gladness,
 The beautiful plans that were never to be.

I had told my heart with a fond assurance,
 Success would crown the words I "will ;"
 And a purpose high, and strong endurance,
 Would lead to the top of the shining hill ;
 But with hands and feet all torn and bleeding,
 With many a heartache and regret,
 I see my cherished hopes receding,
 And I am down in the valley yet.

But the sun shines down on the bright, free river,
When the ice floats out to the distant sea ;
So let me from my fond hopes sever,
If the light of God's love but shines on me.
Oh ! soul with thy sad and bitter lessons,
Trust God though thy path be dark and drear ;
The Master will crown thy cross with blessings,
When the storm beats wildest He's always near.





“GOD IS LOVE.”

Three precious words, bringing comfort most sweet,
 Making the gospel of Jesus complete ;
 Glorious words, sent to us from above,
 Of infinite meaning, these words—“ God is Love.”

Ah ! these are the words that my spirit doth thrill ;
 Words full of joy, that my whole spirit fill ;
 Words which will ever my heart gladly move ;
 Wonderful words, blessed words—“ God is Love.”

When shadows and storm-cloud encompass my way,
 When sorrow's dark night shuts the light from my day ;
 Come to my heart, thou blessed Heavenly Dove,
 Bearing this message of cheer—“ God is Love.”

With these glad words shall my soul take her flight,
 From earth and its fetters, from time's weary night ;
 And up to the realms of the blessed I'll move,
 In confident faith in these words—“ God is Love.”

“ God is love, God is love ! ” in triumph I sing ;
 Oh, shout glad hosannas to Jesus our king !
 His blessed salvation each soul now may prove ;
 He died, he is risen, because—“ God is Love ! ”

WAITING.

We are waiting, ever waiting,
 For a turning in the way ;
 For a ship that's surely coming,
 On some future golden day ;
 For some precious, priceless treasure,
 That shall crown our lives with joy ;
 For a sunny day of leisure,
 Which will be without alloy.

But the "ship" is slow in coming,
 And the "way" is long and drear ;
 And the "precious, priceless treasure,"
 Ah, why wait? the treasure's here ;
 That will crown our life with gladness,
 That will bid our souls rejoice ;
 That will vanquish sin, and sadness,
 'Tis the pearl of greatest price.

Gladly let our hearts receive it,
 Draw the rusty bolts and locks ;
 Happy soul who will believe it,
 'Tis the Saviour stands and knocks ;
 Wait no longer, bid Him welcome,
 Who shall satisfy thy soul,
 Who shall all thy burdens lighten ;
 Cleanse from sin, and make thee whole.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

When autumn's ripened fruits are gleaned,
 And autumn's frosts make crisp the air ;
 When days grow brief, and birds take wing,
 To southern climes, so mild and fair ;
 We turn our harps thy praise to sing,
 Though far removed from spring's bright ray ;
 Spring pledges but what thou dost bring,
 Thou crowning day, "Thanksgiving day."

Spring's fragrance, song and bloom, and leaves,
 And summer's fruitful, fervent hours ;
 And autumn's ripened golden sheaves,
 Its harvest moon, and sodden showers ;
 But herald thee, with thy good cheer,
 When plenty, peace, and love hold sway ;
 Blessed with the wealth of all the year,
 New England pride, "Thanksgiving day."

The brave old home echoes once more,
 With sounds of laughter, joy and mirth ;
 Each year 'tis dearer than before,
 The sweetest, loveliest place on earth ;
 And yet sad thoughts will surely come,
 For oft' we see a vacant chair ;
 Not all the loved ones are at home,
 And some, will ne'er again be there.

And though the hearth fire blazes bright,
 Abundance crowns the feast that's spread ;
 A shadow falls o'er all the light,
 Some loved one's numbered with the dead ;
 For death steals into brightest homes,
 And closest ties are often riven ;
 We journey often sad and lone,
 With aching heart on this side heaven.

But God's sweet love doth comfort send,
 To us who journey here below ;
 The darkest cloud is silver lined,
 And spanning heaven the promised bow.
 We'll praise Him with our latest breath,
 The Christ who died a world to save ;
 He robbed thee of thy sting, oh, death,
 He gained the victory o'er the grave.

And though the shadows sometimes fall,
 We bow beneath Thy chastening rod ;
 We trust our homes, our loves, our all,
 In thy great loving heart, oh, God.
 We bring our praise for blessings given,
 We bring our thanks, for mercies past ;
 'Twill be Thanksgiving day in heaven,
 When we shall gain that home, at last.

Ah ! glad Thanksgiving day 'twill be,
 With all our loved ones gathered there ;
 Close by the glorious Jasper sea ;
 No "shadows" then, no "vacant chair."

No tears of sadness dim our eyes,
No need there of the "chastening rod ;"
Thanksgiving day of sweet surprise,
Near to the throne of Christ, our God.

DOXOLOGY.

" Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"
To-day we sing this anthem grand ;
" Praise Him all creatures here below,"
Oh, sound his praise, ye favoured land ;
" Praise him above ye heavenly host,"
And let us mortals join the song ;
" Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
To whom all thanks and praise belong.

THE DYING OUTCAST'S PRAYER.

'Twas a stately church, with a lofty dome
 And a towering spire 'gainst the vaulted blue,
 And a pure-white cross, pointing toward the home
 Where dwell the angels—the pure and the true.

And the earth was robed in a snowy shroud,
 Glistening and white, on that Christmas-morn ;
 And the heavens were clear, without shade or cloud,
 On that blessed day that our Lord was born.

From the lofty tower rang the sweet, glad chimes,
 The song of the angels, “ Good-will and peace,”
 Thrilling all hearts with the thought sublime
 Of the blessed kingdom that ne'er shall cease.

'Neath the marble-porch, with its arches groined
 And its stony columns, polished and carved,
 Where the pure snow drifted, we stooped to find
 The corpse of an outcast, frozen and starved.

And the sunlight graced the poor, shrunken face,
 And turned her hair to a mass of gold,
 As we reverent knelt in that holy place,
 By one who had strayed from the Shepherd's fold.

Within were soft cushions, of texture rare,
 And tapestries rich, and carvings quaint ;
 Through the mellow light of window fair
 Glowed the beautiful faces of many a saint.

But the doors were barred to that woman lost ;
 No room in the church for the sin cursed waif ;
 'Neath chiming bells and pure-white cross,
 She rests secure — at last she's safe !

The dead outcast has escaped the thrall
 Of inherited weakness and licensed crime ;
 On the marble-floor, with a snowy pall,
 Her soul took flight, while the sweet bells chime :

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“ Let me hide, oh, let me hide,
 I am foul and black with sin ;
 Blessed ‘ Door,’ pray open wide,
 Let my straying soul come in.”

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“ Homeless, friendless, fallen, lost,
 Steeped in blackest sin and shame,
 I am clinging to His cross,
 Trusting in His holy name.”

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“ Soft the snow falls on my head ;
 Welcome death, that sets me free ;
 Sad and lone my dying bed ;
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Thus the blessed chimes rang on,
But her soul had taken flight
To that world of endless morn,
Where is neither sin nor blight.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

* * * * *

No room in the church for her,
No room for the poor and lost ;
Room for Mammon's worshipers,
Room for all who pay the cost.

But there's One, who died to save,
Hears the weakest, feeblest cry—
Sinking 'neath sin's bitter wave—
Pleading, “Save me, or I die.”

One who sees the sparrow's fall,
Turns not from the faintest plea ;
Rock of Ages, cleft for ALL,
Let us hide ourselves in Thee !

THE NIGHT WATCH.

“Ten” chimes the clock on the tower,
“Ten” chimes the clock in the hall ;
“Ten” chimes the clock in bower,
“Ten” chimes the clock on the wall.

Ten o'clock, ten o'clock, ten o'clock,
I'll just draw the bolt from the lock ;
I may see his form, in the moonlight,
I may hear his step on the walk.

I've waited and watched by the casement,
The clock in the tower chimes “eleven ;”
He has one more hour of abasement,
He one hour farther from heaven.

“Eleven,” just eleven o'clock,
Once more turn the bolt in the lock ;
I watch for his form, in the moonlight,
I list' for his step on the walk.

“Twelve” o'clock, yes, the bells ring midnight,
While I, wait the wanderer's return ;
I'm weary of lamp light, and fire light,
Once more, I will watch the stars burn.

Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock,
Again draw the bolt from the lock ;
I see not his form, in the moonlight,
I hear not his step on the walk.

Oh, sad are my thoughts, full of anguish
 Are the hours slow, gliding away :
 Dear Lord from my soul these fears vanquish,
 Lord help me, and teach me to pray.

One o'clock, one o'clock, one o'clock,
 Again draw the bolt from the lock ;
 Still the curs'd, ruby wine, holds him captive,
 He's wrecking his soul on that rock.

Hush ! he comes reeling home, in the moonlight,
 His orgie for this night, is through ;
 Open wide, bring him in, in his sad plight ;
 As the clock in the tower strikes " two."

Two o'clock, two o'clock, two o'clock,
 Close the door, turn the key in the lock ;
 Then sit by this poor wreck of manhood,
 And list' to his foul, drunken talk.

* * * * *

Oh, God ! these night watches are maddening,
 Full of pain for his sin, and his shame ;
 Wrecked, blighted, and lost, oh, 'tis saddening,
 And wine, cursed wine, is to blame.

Ye mothers, and wives, of our nation,
 Who keep these night watches of woe ;
 Declare, that this devil creation,
 This alcohol demon, must go.

Arise, in the strength of Jehovah,
Defeat this dark image of sin ;
Fear not, for as light conquers darkness,
True virtue, and temperance, will win.

And we shall go forth in the dawning,
Of the jubilee year, of the free ;
We surely are nearing the morning :
Hark ! the clock on the tower strikes “ three.”

AN APPEAL.

'Twas a sunny, early morning,
 When the birds first waked their song,
 That I passed up the city street,
 With the busy, hurrying throng.
 I came from the quiet country,
 With its fragrant grass and flowers,
 With its scents of crimson clover
 And its tangled woodland bowers.

To the city with its churches,
 And their architecture rare ;
 With their grand and lofty spires,
 That shine in the sunlight fair ;
 With its noted halls of learning,
 Filled with culture and renown ;
 With its wealth, and pride, and beauty,
 Oh, it is a grand old town !

Yes, I came from the quiet country,
 To the city's noise and din ;
 From the dewy lanes and meadows
 To the haunts of vice and sin ;
 Where men in the morning sunlight,
 With its fragrant, dewy breath,
 Spurned God's choicest morning blessings,
 And sought but the cup of death.

Red-rimmed eyes and haggard features
 Told the tale of sin and shame ;
 Trembling hands and bloated faces
 Spoke of crimes I dare not name ;
 As the rum-cursed men and women
 Drift along their weary way,
 With desires so scarcely human,
 All they ask is drink to-day.

Drink, oh, drink ! their thirst is awful,—
 Demon's drink they only crave ;
 Soul-destroying, liquid poison
 Sweeps them to a drunkard's grave ;
 Saddened, maddened, blighted beings,
 Heeding not the way they go,
 Till their souls are lost in darkness,
 In a never-ending woe.

Think,—these once were happy beings,
 Filled with thoughts of peace and joy ;
 Once their lives were full of promise,—
 Gentle girl and manly boy ;
 Once their face reflected heaven,
 Pure and sweet, and strong and fair ;
 Now there's naught but blight and ruin,
 Naught but hell reflected there !

Rise, O Christian men and women,
 To the rescue in God's might,—
 Rise and teach the world of scorners,
 God does still defend the right.

Rise, and save your fallen brothers
 From the drunkard's awful doom ;
 Rise, and save your fallen sisters
 Ere they sink into the tomb.

Men and brethren, shall we loiter ?
 Shall we sit with folded hands ?
 While these souls in heavy fetters
 Fill our free and boasted land ?
 Sweep this rum-curse from our nation ;
 Save our land from sea to sea ;
 Take away this vile temptation,
 That God's people may be free !

Rise, oh, rise, ye Christian soldiers,
 Enter boldly in the strife ;
 Save the drunkard's starving children,
 Save the wretched drunkard's wife ;
 Hear the drunkard's mother pleading,
 Hear the drunkard's orphans cry !
 Human hearts are crushed and bleeding,—
 Help them, help them, ere they die !

Hark ! I hear the host advancing,—
 Hear the battle from afar ;
 'Tis the army of God's soldiers
 Marshaled for the holy war.
 Hark ! I hear their war-cry ringing :
 " God, and home, and native land."
 Victory crowns their snow-white banners,
 For they're led by God's right hand.

Don your armor, Christian soldiers !
 Bear a hand, be brave and strong ;
Look aloft for faith and courage,
 And the battle won't be long ;
And when you've gained the victory,
 You shall have the sweet reward
Of " Well done, thou good and faithful,
 Share the joys of Christ your Lord."

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

As I sat by my fireside musing,
 The flickering flame burned low ;
 While the kettle's voice, soft, seducing,
 Sung a monotone weird and slow ;
 And thus while I patiently listened,
 My eyelids grew heavy with tears,
 On the page in my lap tears glistened,
 And I gazed on the long-vanished years.

First, came the sweet days of my childhood,
 With their frolic, and laughter, and glee ;
 In my dear quiet home in the wildwood,
 That home that was heaven to me.
 Then followed the years of my girlhood—
 Alas ! all too swiftly they fled—
 Too soon came the duties of wifedom,
 Replete with all horror and dread.

For I was the wife of a drunkard,—
 'Tis a heartbreak to speak of it now ;
 Though long have the grasses and clover,
 Been blossoming over his brow.
 I loved him, God knows how I loved him,
 And that love in my heart yet I bear ;
 Though for years has the sod laid above him,
 And silvery white is my hair.





I loved him, God knows how I loved him ;
 And I trusted my love would win
 His soul from the tempter's power
 And his feet from the paths of sin.
 I loved him, how fondly I loved him ;
 And I struggled my loved one to save ;
 But the tempter sought out my darling,
 And he sleeps in a dishonored grave.

So I sit by my fireside lonely,
 With my hair like the winter's snow ;
 With my sad crushed heart that only
 In retrospect feels a glow ;
 And I think of my lost love lying
 In his grave beneath the sod,
 And my prayer is, " Lord avenge him,"
 As I plead with the widow's God.

Yes, I cry in my heart's deep anguish,
 " Hear me, oh God in thy might ;
 Oh ! conquer this terrible monster
 By the power of thy gospel light."
 " Dear Father keep and defend us,
 From this terrible curse of rum ;
 In mercy deliverance send us,
 And so let thy kingdom come."

PROHIBITION 'S OUR WATCHWORD.

Far o'er the broad Union,
 Loud, thrilling and clear,
 Rings out a glad anthem,
 That brings us good cheer ;
 List, list to its accents,
 As it draweth nigh :
 " Prohibition 's our Watchword,"
 " We'll conquer or die."

The King's hosts are gathering
 From near and from far,
 Each heart and each eye
 Fixed on Bethlehem's star ;
 Prohibition 's their watchword,
 It rings to the sky ;
 For God and our country
 We'll conquer or die.

Lead on, blessed Saviour,
 In Thy name we'll win ;
 In Thy strength we'll cast down
 This monster of sin.
 Our prayers and our pleadings
 Are entered on high ;
 God's children shall conquer,
 And the rum fiend shall die.

MEMORIAL DAY.

“ Land of the free, home of the brave,”
 Long years ago, the poet sung ;
 We sing again, there is no slave,
 Emancipation bells have rung ;
 Have rung, and ringing tell the tale,
 From land to land, from sea to sea,
 O'er mountain, forest, hill, and vale ;
 There is no slave, our land is free.

Our million church spires point above,
 Our Sabbath bells ring out their chimes ;
 We give to each a brother's love,
 Though he be born in foreign climes ;
 And peace and love, go hand in hand,
 And harvests bountiful are given ;
 With joy we sing our native land,
 A land beloved, and blessed, of heaven.

First nation of the great new west,
 Crowned with a royal hundred years ;
 Above all lands thou hast been blessed,
 Though twice baptized with blood and tears ;
 'Midst war's red carnage, thou did'st prove,
 Thy sons were loyal, brave and true ;
 They spotless kept the flag we love,
 And bravely wore the federal blue.

And unto those who gave their lives,
 Whose love, and courage did not falter ;
 But left their mothers, sisters, wives,
 And laid their all upon thy altar ;
 Oh ! nation bring thy offering,
 Of gratitude and holy blessing ;
 A tribute sweet, in flowers of spring,
 Their faith, and sacrifice confessing.

Where e'er our star gemmed banner waves,
 This sweetest day of all the year ;
 We turn toward our heroes' graves,
 And drop the silent heartfelt tear
 Above the cherished resting place,
 Of those who fought, and bled, and died ;
 That blessed by union, freedom, peace,
 We as a nation shall abide.

Blessed martyrs, heroes, brothers all,
 We know your lives were freely given ;
 You answered to the higher call,
 Your name is on life's roll in heaven ;
 To-day we pass the golden hours,
 With reverent step, beside your tomb ;
 And bring sweet wreaths of votive flowers,
 May's choicest freight of fragrant bloom.

Within our nation's heart enshrined,
 Our patriot martyrs ever are ;
 On history's page their name shall shine,
 Immortal, deathless as a star ;

Bloom, flowers of May, bloom snowy white,
 And Sharon's roses, crimson glow ;
 Christ's lilies shed immortal light,
 A nation's gratitude to show.

You veterans brave, who fought and bled,
 Where rebel bullets fell like rain ;
 Who marched where Grant and Sherman led,
 You have not fought and bled in vain ;
 We proudly march with you to-day,
 We proudly take your loyal hand ;
 With tears of gratitude we say :
 "We thank you, for our dear, free land."

We'll keep our flag forever bright,
 We'll proudly sing, and tell the story,
 How in our nation's darkest night,
 There shone a blaze of golden glory,
 When martyr Lincoln's pen of flame,
 Trusting our nation's heroes brave ;
 Gave to our country deathless fame,
 And struck the fetters from the slave.

"Thus far the Lord has led us on,"
 A nation free, and grand, and broad ;
 Each star, as glorious as a sun,
 Kept by the loving hand of God ;
 Almighty Lord, still lead and guide,
 May wars and strifes forever cease ;
 May we in love for aye abide,
 Led by the King and Prince of peace.

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow :”
We bow our head, and softly sing ;
“Praise him all creatures here below,”
Oh ! praise his name, our Lord and King ;
“Praise him above ye heavenly hosts,”
Let saints and angels swell the song ;
“Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,”
To whom our thanks and praise belong.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

The mellow Autumn sunshine
 Spreads in beauty far and wide,
 And the golden days,
 With their misty haze,
 My sad heart seems to chide.
 So I close my eyes to stay the tears
 That else would freely flow,
 As I dream of a past
 Too bright to last,
 In the days of long ago.

The golden days, the halcyon days,
 The days ere the shadow fell,
 When life, like the dream
 Of a rippling stream,
 To the tune of "all is well"
 Flowed on, and on, in its joyous course,
 Toward a glorious golden sea;
 But the end came soon,
 Ere the day's fair noon,
 A noon that was never to be.

For in the morn of her beautiful life
 The dreaded messenger sped,
 And our joy was hid
 'Neath a coffin lid—

Our darling Jennie was dead.
And I long for a word from our loved and lost
In anguish and bitterest pain,
But a sad, "Nevermore
On time's changing shore,"
Are the words that come back again.

Oh, life, life, life, with your broken shrines,
Ye were but a weary thing
If all hope were hid
'Neath a coffin lid
And the Winter brought no Spring.
But the Spring will come, and the morn will dawn,
And the night will be gone for aye ;
And our souls will shine
In the light divine
Of a blissful, eternal day.





WEARINESS OF LIFE.

Oh hurry, oh worry, oh strife,
 Oh anxious cankering care;
 Oh fretful fever of life,
 Do we breathe you in the air?
 Oh hastening human throng,
 Without pause, or thought of rest,
 Why rush ye thus madly along?
 What seek ye, in your quest?

What seek we for, do you ask?
 To answer your question well,
 Would be a most difficult task;
 And yet we will try to tell.
 We seek for a lofty name,
 We seek to get and to hold
 Earth's richest gifts of power and fame,
 And earth's treasures of yellow gold.

We seek to make and to mar,
 We seek for work and for rest,
 We seek for peace and for war,
 Of all we are in "quest;"
 And thus we hasten along,
 Like men in a feverish dream,
 Ever singing the same old song,
 And self, self, is our theme.

We must do our work in a breath,
 We must get what we can in a day ;
 Else ere 'tis done we are called by death
 From our selfish pursuits away ;
 And thus in hurry and strife,
 And anxious cankering care,
 We waste and ruin our life,
 And end it at last in despair.

For our life work but brings us remorse,
 The joys we have had are but few ;
 The gold we have won proves but dross,
 The women we loved were untrue ;
 Some things we have sought not in vain,
 Earth's treasures we've held in our grasp,
 And they prove in our anguish and pain,
 Like the poisonous stings of an asp.

When we started life's race to run,
 Our ambition no limits could brook,
 We would herald our name to the sun
 On the leaves of our unwritten book ;
 We would conquer by sea and by land,
 We would reach out our hands to the stars ;
 But our names we have written in sand,
 Which the incoming tide swiftly mars.

Oh, life has illusions I ween ;
 And ambition's a cheat, not a friend,
 Illusions and cheat to be seen,
 As we journey along toward the end ;

We pause and would linger apace,
 But we're driven with haste toward the goal;
 Oh! who will our sins now erase?
 Oh! where shall we anchor our soul?

SIC EST VITA.

In the heart of winter lies a crystal glow,
 The bells chime merrily;
 The children laugh, and frolic in the snow;
 But my heart beats wearily.

The soft white snow flakes everywhere are flying,
 Driven by wintry breath;
 The sad old year lies shivering and dying,
 And yet he welcomes death.

He came in regal pomp and kingly beauty,
 The joy bells rang his birth;
 Though king he served, performing every duty,
 Faithful to mother earth.

And now he dies, untended and unheeded,
 With none to close his eyes;
 With not a soul to smooth his couch when needed,
 Nor sadly wail, he dies.

But all go forth the coming king to welcome,
 To shout and sing his praise;
 Unmindful of their faithful dying sovereign,
 Who served them all his days.

RETROSPECTION.

Down the dim and distant vistas,
Of the happy by-gone years ;
Back through days of purple shadow,
Days baptized with bitter tears ;
Through the joyous, golden sunshine,
Of our early happy days ;
With the faithful glass of memory,
Dearest Daisey, I now gaze.

Fragrant memories come o'er me,
Of the cherished friends of yore ;
Some, "thank God," are left who love us,
Some are on the farther shore.
How the winning, smiling future,
Called us on with silvery tongue ;
And our hearts leapt up responsive,
When we both were free and young.

Thus the years that promised pleasure,
Swiftly come and swiftly depart,
Taking from us many a treasure,
Leaving many a cruel smart ;
Leaving lines upon our foreheads,
That were once so smooth and fair ;
On our cheeks, but faded roses,
Frosts of winter on our hair.

Ah ! we little dreamed, dear Daisey,
We should drift so far apart ;
When we lived a twin existence,
When we loved with heart to heart ;
But the world has come between us,
And now sundered far we roam ;
Yet I'll ne'er forget the Daisey,
Nor the dear old childhood home.

Home, the word is full of sweetness,
Fraught with memories of the past.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
May I meet you all, at last
In the home of many mansions ;
When the years of time shall cease,
May I meet you there, and greet you
In the realms of joy and peace.

BROKEN HEARTED.

The sun is fast departing
 In a blaze of golden light ;
 The pale, fair moon, now in her full,
 Rides triumphant in the evening sky ;
 The valley's quiet, save the brawling stream
 That laughs and ripples riverward ;
 Grandly the mountains loom
 In darkness 'gainst the blue and gray
 Of the evening heavens.
 'Tis June, and the air is fragrant
 With the scent of blooming flowers
 Called forth by falling dew.

With light and graceful step,
 A woman swiftly moves
 Along the village street ;
 Her earnest eyes are turned away
 From the lovely village of the living,
 Toward the sad village on the hill side,
 The still, white village of the dead.
 Her hands are full of roses,
 June's crowning beauty ;
 With swift steps she gains
 The gate of the silent city,
 It yields to her quick touch
 And she enters.

No need of locks, nor bars,
 The villagers are not afraid
 Of midnight robber or assassin.

Softly through the streets, and avenues,
 The woman quickly passes,
 A strangely wistful look shines in her eyes
 Like one long absent, who glad
 Yet sad, approaches home ;
 She turns first right, then left,
 As one familiar with the place ;
 And as the last long, level rays
 Of the departing sun
 Gilds a modest marble slab,
 She reaches it, and showers
 Her fragrant offering upon it ;
 And falling on her knees
 Beside the grave she cries:—

“At last my love, at last
 I kneel beside thy bed ;
 Jamie, darling, Jamie,
 My own, my precious dead.”

“Jamie, Jamie, Jamie,
 No answer to my call ;
 The breezes softly whisper,
 I hear the water fall.”

“The wild birds call their mates,
 And swift come sweet replies ;

Only I am all alone,
Beneath the evening skies."

"Long, weary miles I've journeyed,
To kiss thy lowly bed ;
Jamie, Jamie, Jamie,
Dear loving heart, thou dead ?"

She bows above his grave,
Moaning in sad despair ;
Then severed from her head
A long, bright curl of hair.

"I cannot leave myself,
Nor tarry here near you ;
A curl, you loved, I'll leave,
And then dear love, adieu."

She hollowed a small grave,
Above the heart so cold ;
And softly in it placed
The shining curl of gold.

Then kneeling gently down
Upon the sacred sod ;
She poured out her sad heart
Into the ear of God.

At last she softly rose,
And quietly departed ;
But on her face was written
These sad words, " Broken-hearted."











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